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The Burial of the Dead.

BY COL. O'HARA, OF KENTUCKY.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms—
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast;
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe;
Our heroes felt the shock and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the bloody grave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, or winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

LONGEVITY OF THE JEWS.—Throughout Europe (with the exception of Norway and Spain, from which he is excluded,) throughout Asia, the Jew flourishes as if at home. Even in Africa he exhibits no inferiority to the natives in constitutional vigor. Morocco numbers 340,000, Algiers 80,000, and a considerable portion of Jewish blood exists, in Abyssinia, the mountains of the Atlas, and even as far south as Timbuctoo. Mr. Neufville, of Frankfort, states the average duration of life of the Jews of that city to be 48 years and 9 months, that of the rest of the population 36 years and 11 months. During the first five years of life the deaths of Jewish children are scarcely more than one half those of the Christian. One-fourth of the total number of the latter die before they are seven years old, whilst of the former three-fourths attain the age of 28 years.—Half of the Christians have succumbed at 36, whereas half of the Jews live to be 50. Beyond 59 years and 10 months a quarter only of the Christian population will be found alive; but one-fourth of the Jewish live to be 71. Dr. Glatter has instituted a comparison between the longevity of the Jewish race and three others in the Austrian dominions, from which he finds that out of a thousand an age between 70 and 100 were—of Hungarians 54-4; of Croats 70.6; of Germans 76.7; and of Jews 120. The longevity of the Jews was noticed by Haller, and attributed by him to their sobriety and careful diet. Doubtless sobriety must be admitted as amongst the causes of their longevity, perhaps even as the most potent; but it does not seem improbable that the same energetic vitality that enables them to become citizens of every clime is also operative in prolonging their existence—has, in fact, endowed them with a longer average term of life. In India the mortality among the children of European soldiers is four times greater than amongst children of similar ages in England. And no instance is known of a third European race ever having existed in India, all the individuals being of pure European descent, and having been born and reared in the country.—*London Review.*

DISEASE OF COWS.—Royal Chaffee, of this town, lost a cow worth $100 on last Monday, from a disease which he terms "milk fever." The cow came in two days before, and appeared as well as other cows—but she suddenly sickened and died. He thinks there was a derangement, or stoppage of the milk secretions, which produced death. We have noticed from the other county papers that several farmers have recently lost their cows, and probably from the same cause. The subject is worthy of attention, and if any of our readers understand the disease, or a prevention or cure, we hope for the benefit of others they will communicate the same through the columns of this paper.—*Lyndon Union.*

Lifted into the Light.

BY MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS.

When John Williams joined Company A, 44th regiment, and started for the seat of war, he left a good business as a first class mechanic, a comfortable, happy home, his wife and four young children. At the end of the third year he was among the "unknown dead." His pay of course ceased.—The formalities necessary to secure a pension, together with the prices, reduced his family in a short time to extreme poverty.

In December of 1864 they had been driven to occupy a miserable garret in one of the poorest streets in New York, and here Eddie, the eldest son, a lad of six years, sickened and died. The sad event took place upon one of the darkest, stormiest nights of the winter, and the mother, without fire, without a light and without food, watched his life ebb away. The more touching, then, are the words with which she awakened her eldest child Ruth, when the cold, grey dawn began to steal over the dead boy.

"Ruth, Ruth, did you know our little Eddie has gone into the light?"

"Into the light!" The child started from her troubled sleep to a consciousness of what her mother meant. Eddie was in heaven. And while the thought was coming home to her, her mother repeated in a voice which had in it almost a tone of joy,—

"His home now is 'the city that has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'"

Not here, then, with this dim, struggling winter light—away beyond the clouds and the storm! Happy little Eddie! And Ruth, rising, goes to the bed upon which he lies, looking down with a solemn awe upon the emaciated face, the sunken eye, tight shut lips. A vague, bewildering idea she has that it is, and yet it is not the sick, living boy; a dim, first knowledge of the dread mystery of death.

Poverty has given years to this small girl, and rudely jostling with this sorrow comes to her the sharp necessity for help. Yesterday, for the first time through all their suffering, she had begged: and part of the pittance given her yet remained, kept miserly for this dread event, which she, young as she was, saw approaching.

"Help! help!" And with these words ringing over and over in her heart, she whispered to her mother, and long before the great city had stirred to its daily round of toil and pleasure, she stole out into the keen morning air.

A police officer was passing the door as she opened it, and she laid her purple hand gently on his arm.

"Help, sir," she said; "Eddie is dead."

It was a kind hearted man God had sent there for this very purpose; and he lifted the child in his great, fatherly arms, carrying her up the flight of stairs, as she pointed the way, nor bated he in the least his kindness until he had brought fire, light and food, into the desolate home he found there.

With this relief came into Ruth's heart the wish to spend a bit of money—the hallowed money, set apart for Eddie only—in buying one little white flower for him to carry in his hand into the cold, dark grave.

"He loved them so well, mother," the child said. "If it's only a little one, but a real living flower, it seems to me it would be easier to let him go." And then, with her mother's consent, she wandered up and down before the flower filled windows, venturing in the stores now and then, but coming out without even the tiniest bud.

At length her pale face, with its look of unutterable longing, peering in thro' the window, attracted the attention of the boy who sold flowers in a large store.

"What can this girl want?" he called to a woman who was arranging boquets behind the counter. "I never saw such a face. She looks as if she must have a flower; but when she came in she only asked the price of these small white ones, and went out without offering to buy."

The woman came to look at her, and her heart was touched. She beckoned Ruth into the store, and said, kindly,—

"You seem to love flowers. Do you wish to buy some?"

"I—I wanted to get one for Eddie," said Ruth, her lips quivering and the tears starting into her eyes.

"Who is Eddie?"

"My brother. He is dead."

"Do you wish the flowers for his coffin?"

"He loved them," answered Ruth. "We used to come here to the window to see them, and he wouldn't feel alone if he had one. He was so sick when he came last, and hungry; but he did not cry out there," and she pointed to the place where she had been standing, outside of the window.

"Poor child; you shall have some for him, and I am sure you are welcome to them."

From among her white buds the woman selected the choicest, and in a few minutes Ruth held in her hand, trembling in its eagerness, a rare boquet. God's benison on this kind heart!—Those simple buds shall not be hidden under the cold clods, but shall blossom for her among the deathless flowers above.

"A dead pauper child! Fit him for his burial." This was the requisition that went up to the proper city authorities, and in compliance, men and a coffin were sent as quickly as possible to Mrs. Williams' room.

Ruth reached home with her precious gift as the Irishmen were bearing their burden up the creaking stairs. She at the foot, as well as her mother at the head of the stairs, did not need to be told what it was. It is a sound a mourner never mistakes.

The men were talking loudly. One of them was swearing. Something evidently had annoyed him, and as he came to the landing upon which the mother was waiting for them, he swung the uncouth black box toward her and said roughly:

"See here, now, was there iver sich a cussed thing seen afore? The paint haint been on an hour. Look at my hands. If they have any more such infernal work to do they may do it themselves."

"You make as much fuss as if your hands were sugar or salt. Water won't hurt them, I guess; after the job is over the woman will give you some soap," said the other man laughing loudly.

"It's nasty work," said Pat. "Catch me at it again." And he swore frightfully as he tossed the coffin down on the table prepared for it, and held out both his begrimed hands.

"Stop your grumbling and take hold. The boat leaves in half an hour, and we shall have to drive like fury to get there now."

"I don't like to touch the thing," said Pat, shrinking away from the bed. "Hold on, it ain't long enough. It wants four inches, good."

"Jam it in, then. Where's the odds?"

"Into the light," little Eddie has gone. Poor Mother, do not think of him as being here now!

The two men approached the bed and lifted the child. As they did so his mother bent forward to look into his coffin.

Rough, unplained boards; not a pillow, only some loose straw and sawdust which seemed to have fallen in. Oh! such a groan as broke from her then, nothing had been able to call it from her before.

The men laid Eddie down and turned towards her. There she stood with clasped hands, her eyes tight shut, and her lips moving.

Was she saying prayers for the soul of the dead boy? Pat thought she was, and with a touch of true feeling in his voice, said—

"By me sowl, ma'am, it's bad, very bad. I lost my little Pat, and I'd rather heave coal through forty-eight hours on a stritch than go through the like of it agin. An' sure, it's the holy mother must want a heap of them little ones up there, for she is always after them, poor darlins that they are!"

Pat held his black hands out toward her now, without a thought of the paint that was on them. In his Irish heart, rough and coarse as it was, there was built a little temple, and shrined in it lay his dead boy; silent tears were shed there; true prayers were offered there.

Pat, drunken, dissolute, wicked Pat was only a father there.

"It's too bad, indade it is," he continued, "and this box aint fit to bury a dog in. I bought a box lined with white ribbins for my boy, rest his dear sowl. An' we had a matter of candles, and the praists said many a Mass for the darlint. It's hard enough barring these things; and if ye have a mind to wait, Mike, I'll be for taking the dirty box away, and we'll get one that's long enough for the bit of a child; better, sure he is, without our help," and Pat looked askance at Eddie, shaking his head.

"You'll be losing the boat and your time too."

"Well, well, niver mind, Mike; he'll shlape the aisier, and his mother, too. Bedad, if I could shut the eyes of me for the night if little Pat was squazed up so; and I can't stan' it."

So forgetting the paint, and knowing full well that Mike had lost no little Pat and would not help him, the Irishman lifted the coffin almost reverently, as if the tears which were glistening in his eyes made it look holy to him, and carried it out.

Mike stared, but offered no resistance; nor was it till he heard him going down the stairs, knocking the coffin as he went, that he thought of following him.

Ruth, still holding the flowers, was standing on the lower floor, waiting for the men to come down; but when she saw them with the coffin, she thought they were carrying Eddie away, and for a moment the whole scene seemed to grow dark and fade from her sight; but in another her hand was on Pat's arm, and she said, quickly:

"Do not take him without his flowers; dear little Eddie, he loved them so."

"We haint got him, miss. It's nothing but this box. An' sure, it's not fit for him, nor those swate flowers; but we'll be coming back prisently, with a coffin that's good for a prince, and we'll make him comfortable and pleasant like, if it takes every cint Pat has."

Ruth looked at him, but only saw Pat kneeling before his little temple, and there was comfort to her in the sad face and misty eyes which showed how reverently he knelt.

As they were going out of the door the police officer met them. He stopped them, and Pat told his story.—Not a word of its toucing pathos did it lose, as his rough voice trembled, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"You see, sir," he said apologetically, as he wiped them away with his paint stained hands, "I couldn't do it. My Pat would have been calling, 'Father, father!' until this t'other little fellow had some comfort like. I'll spend the last shillin' first, sir; indade I will, sir."

The police officer hesitated a moment, then he said:

"You're a good fellow, Pat, and I won't forget you. You needn't come back again. I will see to matters up here," and he pointed up the stairs.

"An' it's God Almighty that will bless you, sir," said Pat, quickly.—"You won't be forgetting the little girl and the swate flowers. Eddie loves them, sir; she says so."

"No, Pat, I won't forget anything."

"Ten thousand blessings on ye, sir," and the city express received its load, the horse trotted briskly away, and for this once the pauper child had escaped its heartless death doom.

The officer understood well what to do. There are some few ladies in the city known to those into whose hands come any unusual cases of sorrow and suffering.

To one of these he told his story, and was assurred everything should receive proper care.

Before noon of the same day soft steps were heard upon the stairs leading to the widow's room, and a lady knocked at her door. It was as if God had sent His angels to open the shutters toward the east, and bring this family once more into the light.

At the close of the day a small band of decorous mourners had gathered there. Black dresses, neat and warm, took the places of the old, worn garments, and on the table, which was concealed beneath snowy damask cloth, stood a simple casket, satin lined, ribbon trimmed.

In it lay little Eddie, his emaciated face almost hidden beneath the wreath of white buds which covered his pillow. In his tiny hand he held a bouquet, Ruth's gift; and at his feet lay a flower-made cross. Precious cross. Dear emblem; but never more precious, and never dearer in its foreshadowing, than when, as now it tells of suffering and sorrow passing through death's dark portal.

It is *not* a pauper child that is borne to the church, but the dead soldier's boy; and carriages follow the little weary sleeper, and the clergyman prays, not for the peaceful dead, O no; but for the living; that God would put it into the hearts of his people to remember those who have given their best for them.

This story is almost trite. Pity 'tis 'tis *true*. The families of our dead soldiers! What place can we make for them? Meek suffering women, children homeless, breadless; what an army of them gather around these snow-covered graves! We have buried their husbands and fathers with their nation's flag wrapped around them; wailed over them sad death marches, and uttered eulogies upon their undying greatness; but do not let us forget that dearer than all this pageant to that still, brave heart, is the wife and the little ones he has left behind, and what he asks of us now is to lead them out from the darkness with which his death has covered them, into the light.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.—I was guided in my choice only by the blind affections or my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman, who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pertinacious of them. She became prudent from affection, and though of the most generous nature she was taught frugality and economy by her love of me. During the most critical period of my life she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was ever on hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (I would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm, nay, impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost, when her excellent, natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years' struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and molded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at the moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—A Methodist clergyman in the vicinity of Boston was invited to a public demonstration of some kind, where an expensive supper was served, and on the table were bottles of intoxicating drinks. On being requested to ask the Divine blessing upon the repast, he arose and said, "I can cheerfully ask God to bless the food, but I never yet dared to ask his blessing on a bottle of rum." The bottles were instantly removed, and the blessing was then invoked.

The South American Mediterranean.

The valley of the Amazon is no valley to the eye; its bounds are too far distant to be visible at any point in more than one direction if at all, and its slopes are altogether inappreciable by the senses. Even the current of its waters is imperceptible, and sometimes locally reversed; so that it presents to the voyager no other appearance that that of an inland sea, with a long, low, distant shore. On either side, the tributaries have a similar appearance; they are themselves so enormous that the eye cannot span their breadth; for example, there are four rivers descending from the Guianas on the north, east of the Rio Negro, hardly noticed on our common maps, by name, yet of a wonderful size, one of them being no less than thirty miles wide at the mouth. Not to speak of the "great" affluents, the Zingu presents at its junction with the main river a front of forty miles broad, and the Tecantins, sixty; and of all of them it must be remembered that you ascend from the junction from a hundred and fifty to two hundred miles before any appearance of rising ground, rocks or minerals can be found. The front of the united rivers, with their nearly oceanic depth, at one of the final outlets, is 150 miles across, and its yellowish white hue (like coffee and milk) tinges the ocean far out of sight of land.

Nor is the Amazon, when you have imagined its seeming shoreless breadth, to be conceived as a simple stream or belt of water. It is a water system pervading the country with unnumbered channels and branches hundreds of miles in breadth. Independent of the usual obstructions and partings of streams, this system has a structure peculiar to itself, resulting from remarkable causes. The swelling of the waters will amount to from thirty to fifty feet, every rainy season, and the remarkable fact is that this takes place from two opposite quarters, the north and the south, not at the same time but alternately.

The snows of the Andes melt in August and September, and reach the Amazon by October or November.—The rains also begin on the south side in September, and the swelling of the southern tributaries pours into the great bed about the last of November. Both inundations continue with increased volume until March, when the entire sea rises sometimes at the rate of a foot in twenty-four hours. At the same time, the tributary rivers from the North are at their lowest stage; and, bearing in mind the fact that the fall of their channels for a long distance hardly exceeds that of the Amazon, or ten feet in a hundred miles, it is evident that a rise of thirty to fifty feet in the main river must not only send a vast back-water up the northern tributaries for hundreds of miles, but must follow the depressions of the ground in every direction, and create a network of innumerable water-courses.

At the height of the freshet in March, the rains begin on the north. As the southern rivers subside, the northern rivers swell, and come down in full flood about June, to gorge in turn the channels of their southern rivals, and to press the swollen tide up the south side of its basin in the summer, as it rose upon the north side in winter. Thus the water system we are describing resembles an ocean not only in extent and evenness but in its tides.

The result is that all the roads in this country are ready-made. They are water-roads, or ship canals on the grandest scale of nature, through which the united navies of the world might steam or sail in company, for 2000 miles from east to west, and 500 miles on each side, or 1000 miles from north to south; freely penetrating every portion of the country thro' the profusion of cross courses by which the rivers, swollen on both sides as we have seen, twice a year, have overflowed and run into each other, and, in short, have divided up the whole land into islands. Taking *this* into view with the fact that nearly all the countries of South America—Brazil, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, New Granada, Venezuela — have their main drainage and the best portion of their domain either in this valley or in navigable connection with it, the importance and the justice of the late decree of the Emperor of Brazil opening the Mediterranean of South America as a free highway for all nations, are seen at once in a conspicuous light. The Amazon by nature belongs to South America and mankind.

The treasures of commerce to be directly drawn from nature here, have already been brought in a general way to the notice of our readers. We may add to the three hundred kinds of choice timber, remarkable for density and beauty of grain, which cover the entire country with dense forests, an endless variety of strong and light textiles, a variety of fruits of the myrtle family, as numerous and as fine as that of the rose family that embraces all the choice kinds of our northern climate, another family akin to the magnolia embracing also a great variety of lucsious fruits, and still another family of which the character was not defined, quantities of indigenous cotton, probably the greatest on the globe, the material of chocolate, caoutchouc, Brazil nuts, etc., in inexhaustible profusion everywhere, and finally the grand staples, drugs and dyes of the richest character and variety. Settlers would have nothing to do but to gather these stores from gorged nature in a perpetual harvest and commerce; nothing but to load cargoes of treasure almost directly from the ground on which it grows. The aquatic vegetation is so luxuriant that it is never apparent where the land ends and the water begins, and the later is often concealed completely by a prairie of rank vegetation and gorgeous flowers.

But there are not now 250,000 in all this new world; and the bad reputation of the climate, which the learned professor stoutly combats—declaring it, from ten months' trial, most delightful and salubrious—is imputed to the hue and cry of the officials exiled from time to time to those wild though luxuriant solitudes, whose natural discontent has attributed to them every deadly evil that imagination can conceive.—*Scientific American.*

Climate of Vermont.

BY REV. T. S. HUBBARD.

We seldom are injured by untimely frosts. We had early frosts in 1816. In the new state of the country they produced a famine. In the year 1857 we had untimely frosts that did us considerable damage, but the corn was not all killed. In 1861 damage was done to the late corn and in 1866. But in 1863 there was hardly one bushel of sound corn of the ordinary growth of the country raised on 500,000 square miles of the West and Northwest. Frosts on the 26th and 27th of August literally destroyed corn and with it pumpkins, beans and buckwheat on the lowlands throughout the West, and on the 18th of September frost killed all or nearly all of the upland corn. Very little if any ripened that year, and none of the long kernelled or horse-tooth corn. 1866 was also hard on them, as they need October as we do August and the first half of September for our corn. My impression is they lose far more crops west than we do in Vermont from early fall frosts.

We are also less subject to severe and destructive droughts. We know what droughts are. We experience more or less inconvenience from them, but when did we ever know a Kansas drouth, killing trees as well as corn, annuals and perennials, throughout the State and reducing the inhabitants to absolute penury? These droughts prevail at times over southern Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas and probably to the Rocky Mountains, and depend on meteorological phenomena that are liable to recur.

Neither are we so liable as they are to be desolated by tornadoes. We have gales that sometimes prostrate sugar orchards and tall timber, and occasionally unroof buildings.

But while we have one such, they have ten, and generally they are far more destructive. The best buildings are there often destroyed, villages are greatly damaged, lives lost and stock killed. The vast extent of black prairie, heated by the scorching sun, is apt to produce violent tornadoes followed by floods of rain, so that what is injured by wind is often ruined by the following rain or hail; some have attributed them to currents of electricity, but whatever may be their cause, they are far too frequent for convenience, and become an element in every wise man's calculation about the safety and desirableness of a residence in the West.

In this connection may as well be mentioned the winters of the two sections. Some complain of our winters as long and severe. They are long but they are generally pleasant. A still cold time is not much to be dreaded, and our winters afford us an indispensable opportunity for some kinds of business. It is far more pleasant to drive over a good snow path, than to drive on sharp, high, frozen hubs, or splashing sticky mud six inches deep. It is far pleasanter to encounter our coldest days, however low the thermometer, than their piercing, resistless west winds. There is vastly less suffering from cold in Vermont, than in Illinois.

The thermometer falls lower here, but their winds search to the foundation of all vitality. That is the reason why so many perish by the cold in the West. Exposed to the resistless wind, their lungs congest, they cannot breathe, fail and finally expire. All exposed animals probably do the same. Hence the fearful destruction to animal life on the night of the 31st of December, 1863, and 1st of January, 1864. Probably more human beings perished in Illinois, in those forty-eight hours than have perished in New England from the same cause in fifty years. It is true there are pleasant sunshiny days in winter there, and the ground is generally bare, but it would be much better for the land if it was covered with snow. It would be better for stock too, for though they may ramble and pick up dried sedge or slough-grass, it is probably of little use to them. We do feed longer than they, but we have the better acreage to do it with, and usually greater profit in doing it.

Their grass starts but very little earlier in spring than ours, if any, and withers under the frost nearly as soon in the fall, and though sheep keep out longer, and cattle, many of them need feeding but little less than they do here.

We do not claim that Vermont is the richest soil of any State, or that we can offer the greatest inducements to farmers to settle here.

But it is a ver ygood State, answering reasonable expectations as well as any State of this Union.

One more paying subscriber wanted.

A Terrible Bedfellow.

I looked at my neighbor with considerable curiosity. His face indicated a man of not over thirty years—a period at which men are still young; but his hair was as white as fresh fallen snow. One seldom sees even on the heads of the oldest men, hair of such imaculate whiteness. He sat by my side in a car of the Great Western Railroad, in Canada, and was looking out at the window. Suddenly turning his head he caught me in the act of staring at him—a rudeness of which I was ashamed. I was about to say some words of apology; when he quietly remarked:

"Don't mention it, sir. I'm used to it."

The frankness of this observation pleased me, and in a very little while we were conversing on terms of familiar acquaintanceship; and before long he told me the whole story.

"I was a soldier in the army of India," said he, "and as is often the case with soldiers, I was a little too fond of good liquor. One day I got drunk and was put in the black hole for it. I slumped down upon the floor of the dungeon, and I was just dropping off to sleep, when I felt a cold, slimy shape, crawling across my right hand as it lay stretched out above my head on the floor. I knew at once what it was—a snake! Of course my first impulse was to draw away my hand; but knowing that if I did so the poisonous reptile would probably strike its fangs into me, I lay still with my heart beating in my breast like a trip hammer. Of course my fright sobered me in an instant.—I realized my peril to the fullest extent. O, how I lamented the hour that I had touched liquor! In every glass of liquor they say there is a serpent; but it does not come to every one as it did to me. With a slow, undulating motion the reptile dragged its carcass across my face, inch by inch, and crept down over my breast, and thrust its head inside my jacket. As I felt the hideous scraping of the slimy body over my cheeks, it was only by the most tremendous effort that I succeeded in restraining myself from yelling loudly with mingled terror and disgust. At last I felt the tail wiggling down towards my chin; but imagine what I felt at heart, if you can imagine it, as I realized that the dreadful creature had coiled itself up under my jacket as I lay and had seemingly gone to sleep, for it was still as death. Evidently it had no idea that I was a human creature; if it had it would never have acted in this manner. All snakes are cowardly, and they will not approach a man unless to strike him in self defense. Three hours I lay with that dreadful weight in my bosom, and each minute was like an hour to me—like a year! I seemed to have lived a life-time in that brief space. Every incident of my life passed across my memory in rapid succession, as they say is the case with drowning men. I thought of my mother, away in old England; of my happy home by the borders of the Avon; my Mary, the girl I loved,—and never expected to see them more. For no matter how long I bore this, I felt that it would end in death at last. I lay as rigid as a corpse, scarcely daring even to breathe; and all the time my breast was growing colder where the snake lay against it, with nothing but a thin cotton shirt between my skin and its. I knew it I stirred, it would strike; but I felt I could not bear this much longer. Even if I succeeded in lying still until the guard came, I expected that his opening the door and coming in would be my death warrant all the same; for no doubt the reptile would see that I was a man, as soon as the light should be let in at the door. At last I heard footsteps approaching.—There was a rattling at the lock. It was the guard. He opened the door. The snake—a *cobra di capello* I now saw—darted up its huge hooded head, with the hideous rings around its eyes, as if about to strike. I shut my eyes, and murmured a prayer.—Then it glided away with a swift motion, and disappeared in the darkness. I staggered to my feet, and fell swooning into the arms of the guard. For weeks after I was very sick; and when I was able to be about, I found my hair as white as you now see it. I have never touched a drop of liquor since."—*Wm. Wirt Sikes.*

SUTTON.—H. F. Pillsbury, M. F. Blake, W. W. Grout and Elisha White has recently purchased all the wild lands in Sutton belonging to the town, lying east of the railroad near Charles Frost's. It is all in one body, and contains about 1,500 acres, all well timbered, They are making arrangements to erect a large steam sawmill, and a dwelling house. On the west side of the road, near Luther Rice's, D. N. Beckwith and H. F. Pillsbury have purchased about 600 acres of the same kind of land.——Daniel Powers has put into his sawmill a 30 inch turbine wheel, under an eleven foot head, and thinks he can saw 1,000 feet of boards per hour.——Lewis Holmes is doing a brisk business in his carding mill. He runs two sets of cards, a picker, fulling mill, shears and scouring aparatus. His power consists of an 18 inch turbine wheel, drawing 36 inches water under a 12 feet head. George Dean has the same kind of a wheel, which is abundant for his purpose.—*Lyndon Union.*

Rum is the devil's blood.